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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

ECHO.

From the German of MATTHISSEN.

Forever thine! Though waste and mountain sever,
And stormy brine!
By zephyrs fanned, or deserts scorched, forever,
Forever thine!

Where marble halls, in gorgeous lustre gleaming,
By torch-light shine,
Where silvery moons in shepherd-vales are beaming,
Forever thine!

When, with inverted torch, kind Death releases
This heart of mine,
Then shall it sound till life's last throbbing ceases:
Forever thine!

C. T. B.

Robert Schumann's Musical Life-Maxims.

[The following maxims, or aphorisms, (which we translated from the German a few years since), embody the whole creed and practical philosophy of that true artist, and should engrave themselves upon the mind of every one who means to make himself an artist in the sphere of sound. The composer designed them as an appendix to the first edition of his piano-forte instruction book, called the *Jugendalbum*, or "Album for Youth."—J. S. D.]

I. The cultivation of Hearing is the most important matter. Take pains early to distinguish Tones and Keys by the ear. The bell, the window-pane, the cuckoo—ask yourself what tones they each give out.

II. You should sedulously practice Scales and other finger exercises. But there are many persons who imagine they have accomplished everything, when they have spent many hours each day for years in mere mechanical exercise. It is about as if one should busy himself daily with repeating the A-B-C as fast as possible and always faster and faster. Use your time better.

III. "Dumb piano-fortes," so called, or key-boards without sound, have been invented. Try them long enough to see that they are good for nothing. You cannot learn to speak from the dumb.

IV. Play in time! The playing of many virtuosos is like the gait of a drunkard. Make not such your models.

V. Learn betimes the fundamental laws of Harmony.

VI. Be not frightened by the words, *Theory*, *Thorough-Bass*, *Counterpoint*, &c.; they will meet you friendly if you meet them so.

VII. Never dilly-dally about a piece of music, but attack it briskly, and never play it only half through!

VIII. Dragging and hurrying are equally great faults.

IX. When you are playing, never trouble yourself about who is listening.

X. Always play as if a master heard you.

XI. Strive to play easy pieces well and beautifully; it is better than to render harder pieces only indifferently well.

XII. Always insist on having your instrument purely tuned.

XIII. You must not only be able to play your little pieces with the fingers; you must hum them over without a piano. Sharpen your imagination so that you may fix in your

mind not only the Melody of a composition, but also the Harmony belonging to it.

XIV. Accustom yourself, even though you have but little voice, to sing at sight without the aid of an instrument. The sharpness of your hearing will continually improve by that means. But if you are the possessor of a rich voice, lose not a moment's time, but cultivate it, and consider it the fairest gift which heaven has lent you.

XV. You must carry it so far that you can understand a piece of music upon paper.

XVI. If any one lays a composition before you for the first time, for you to play, first read it over.

XVII. Have you done your musical day's work, and do you feel exhausted? Then do not constrain yourself to further labor. Better rest, than work with no spirit, no freshness.

XVIII. Play nothing, as you grow older, which is merely *fashionable*. Time is precious. One must have a hundred human lives, if he would acquaint himself with all that is good.

XIX. In every period there have been bad compositions, and fools who have praised them.

X. A player may cram his memory with finger-passages; they all in time grow commonplace and must be changed. Only where such facility serves higher ends, is it of any worth.

XI. You must not circulate poor compositions; nor even listen to them, if you are not obliged to.

XII. Try not to acquire facility in the so-called Bravura. Try in a composition to bring out the impression which the composer had in his mind; more than this attempt not; more than this is caricature.

XIII. Consider it a monstrosity to alter, or to leave out anything, or to introduce any new-fangled ornaments in pieces by a good composer. That is the greatest outrage you can do to Art.

XIV. In the selection of your pieces for study, ask advice of older players; that will save you much time.

XV. You must gradually make acquaintance with all the more important works of all the important masters.

XVI. Be not led astray by the brilliant popularity of the so-called great *virtuosi*. Think more of the applause of artists, than of that of the multitude.

XVII. Every fashion grows *unfashionable* again; if you persist in it for years, you find yourself a ridiculous coxcomb in the eyes of everybody.

XVIII. It is more injury than profit to you to play a great deal before company. Have a regard to other people; but never play anything which, in your inmost soul, you are ashamed of.

XIX. Omit no opportunity, however, to play *with* others, in Duos, Trios, &c. It makes your playing fluent, spirited, and easy. Accompany a singer, when you can.

XXX. If all would play first violin, we

could get no orchestra together. Respect each musician, therefore, in his place.

XXI. Love your instrument, but do not have the vanity to think it the highest and only one. Consider that there are others quite as fine. Remember, too, that there are singers, that the highest manifestations in Music are through chorus and orchestra combined,

XXII. As you progress, have more to do with scores, than with *virtuosi*.

XXIII. Practise industriously the Fugues of good masters, above all those of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH. Make the "Well-tempered Clavichord" your daily bread. Then you will surely be a thorough musician.

XXIV. Seek among your associates, those who know more than you.

XXV. For recreation from your musical studies, read the poets frequently. Walk also in the open air.

XXVI. Much may be learned from singers, male and female; but do not believe in them for everything.

XXVII. Behind the mountains there live people, too. Be modest; as yet you have discovered and thought nothing which others have not thought and discovered before you. And even if you have done so, regard it as a gift from above, which you have got to share with others.

XXVIII. The study of the history of Music, supported by the actual hearing of the master compositions of the different epochs, is the shortest way to cure you of self-esteem and vanity.

XXIX. A fine book on Music is THIBAUT *Ueber Reinheit der Tonkunst*, ("On Purity in Musical Art.") Read it often as you grow older.

XL. If you pass a church and hear the organ playing, go in and listen. If it happens that you have to occupy the organist's seat yourself, try your little fingers, and be amazed before this omnipotence of Music.

XLI. Improve every opportunity of practising upon the organ; there is no instrument which takes such speedy revenge upon the impure and the slovenly in composition, or in playing, as the organ.

XLII. Sing frequently in choruses, especially in the middle parts. This makes you musical.

XLIII. What is it to be *musical*? You are not so, if, with eyes fastened anxiously upon the notes, you play a piece through painfully to the end. You are not so, if, when some one turns over two pages at once, you stick and cannot go on. But you are musical, if, in a new piece, you anticipate pretty nearly what is coming, and in an old piece, know it by heart; in a word, if you have Music, not in your fingers only, but in your head and heart.

XLIV. But how does one become *musical*? Dear child, the main thing, a sharp ear and a quick power of comprehension, comes, as in all things, from above. But the talent may be improved and elevated. This you may do, not by shutting yourself up all day

like a hermit, practising mechanical studies; but by live, many-sided musical intercourse; and especially by constant familiarity with orchestra and chorus.

XLV. Listen attentively to all Songs of the People; they are mines of most beautiful melodies, and open for you glimpses into the character of different nations.

XLVI. Exercise yourself early in reading music in the old cleffs. Otherwise, many treasures of the past will be locked against you.

XLVII. Reflect early on the tone and character of different instruments; try to impress the peculiar *coloring* of each upon your ear.

XLVIII. Do not neglect to hear good Operas.

XLIX. Reverence the Old, but meet the New also with a warm heart. Cherish no prejudice against names unknown to you.

L. In judging of a composition, distinguish whether it belongs to the artistic category, or only aims at dilettantish entertainment. Stand up for those of the first sort; but do not worry yourself about the others.

LI. "Melody" is the watchword of the Dilettanti, and certainly there is no music without melody. But understand well what they mean by it; nothing passes for a melody with them, but one that is easily comprehended, or rhythmically pleasing. But there are other melodies of a different stamp; open a volume of Bach, Mozart, or Beethoven, and you see them in a thousand various styles. It is to be hoped that you will soon weary of the poverty and monotony of the modern Italian opera melodies.

(From the London Musical World, March 13).

Dr. Zopff's Characteristics of Mendelssohn.

Dr. Hermann Zopff (of Berlin) has made another contribution to DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC. This time our Boston contemporary is not favoured with "characteristics" of anybody except of Dr. Zopff himself. We have inserted the article in another column, where such of our readers as feel disposed to chop logic with so muddy an essayist may read the Zopffian defence of the Zopffian paradoxes. Dr. Zopff endeavors to substantiate his position not only in respect of Mendelssohn, but of Weber. As, however, we have not seen his "characteristics" of the last-named composer, nor the reply of one of Mr. Dwight's co-laborers, we have nothing to say to either; but what we have advanced on many occasions with regard to Mendelssohn we are inclined to maintain, notwithstanding Dr. Zopff and his fellow sophists in Berlin, Leipsic, Weimar, and Hanover.

Dr. Zopff seems to belong to a class now unhappily spread throughout the length and breadth of Germany (a symbol of the decline of Art in that once favored country)—the class of "aesthetic" reviewers. The profound reasoning of the Teutonic metaphysicians, while it has led shrewd men to think, has induced shallow men to aim at a *show* of reasoning. No subject, even the most simple, can now be discussed apart from a host of speculations altogether irrelevant. Let any candid inquirer, for example, read attentively the "Characteristics of Mendelssohn," published in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL, by Dr. Zopff, and try to reconcile the presumed shortcomings of that great musician with the reasons assigned for them. The candid inquirer will find insinuations that go to establish nothing, and personal anecdotes that might just as well have accounted for Shakespeare's dramas, Bacon's philosophy, or Mr. Albert Smith's *Ascent of Mont Blanc*, as for Mendelssohn's musical idiosyncrasy. Whether true or false, they are all equally worthless in the consideration of such a problem. His agreeable manners, attractive exterior, and remarkable accomplishments rendered Mendelssohn a favorite in society; and this is made the basis of some half dozen foolish conclusions, with respect to what his music might have been had he himself been otherwise. Just as well may we accept the not less intrinsically absurd, but infinitely more diverting arguments of Herr Wagner about Jews and Jewish music. Because Herr Wagner, when a musical idea comes to him (by some rare and happy chance), is

at a loss what to do with it, those who are able to arrange their thoughts in order, and make them the germ of a symmetrical whole, are likened to Hebrews lending their money out to usury. But this definition of the "genial madman" has at least the merit of being humorous; while the arguments and deductions of Dr. Zopff and his tribe are just as commonplace as they are disingenuous.

It is arraigned as weakness in Mendelssohn that, aware of his inferiority to the great masters, he leaned upon them for support and looked up to them as models, instead of asserting his own independence. The sophistry of this charge is glaring. Examined from any point of view it must fall to the ground. If Mendelssohn was inferior, and knew it, surely his acknowledgment of the fact and his consequent policy was rather a strength than a weakness. Hypocrisy and conceit, effrontery and shallow pretence, are vices, not virtues—otherwise the modern aesthetic criticism of musical Germany, instead of being contemptible, would deserve and command respect. But, in sober truth, Mendelssohn was conscious of no such inferiority. He wrote just as much from the heart as Beethoven himself, or any of the greatest musicians; and the proof lies in the striking individuality of all his compositions, from the pianoforte quartet in B minor to the fragments of his unfinished *Christus*. No musician was ever fuller of zeal or stronger of faith than Mendelssohn. No musician ever worked with greater enthusiasm, or took greater pains to perfect his conceptions. A more conscientious laborer in the field of Art, a more religious worshipper of its divinity, never lived. The attempt to paint Mendelssohn as a carpet-knight is so supremely ridiculous, that it can only be excused on the assumption of utter ignorance both of the man and the artist.

We have not at hand Dr. Zopff's *Characteristics* (transferred from the pages of Mr. Dwight to our own); and we do not think the trouble of looking out the numbers that contain them would be well bestowed. We have still some consciousness of the qualms experienced from their first perusal; and, as the burn child dreads the fire, we have no intention of risking similar inconvenience. Some few of the mere facts, apart from "aesthetics," we retain. For instance—"because Beethoven wrote the *Choral Symphony*, Mendelssohn composed the *Lobgesang*." As well might it be said that, because Bach wrote *The Passion*, Handel composed *The Messiah*; or because Handel wrote *The Messiah*, Haydn composed *The Creation*; or because Mozart wrote *David Peintente*, Beethoven composed the *Mount of Olives*. There is no more in common between the *Choral Symphony* and the *Lobgesang* than between the *Jupiter* and the C minor. Nothing can be more dissimilar in style and in execution than the two first-mentioned works. When Haydn had written his first symphony, did he contemplate that no one henceforth should compose a symphony after the model he had perfected?—and when Beethoven put the finishing touch to his stupendous "No. 9," did he for an instant imagine that from that time onward the chorus should never again be united with the orchestra in a grand symphonic composition? From this point of view, nevertheless, does Dr. Zopff regard the *Lobgesang*—one of the most wonderful of musical creations, and the more wonderful inasmuch as it does not contain one single phrase from end to end that bears the slightest resemblance to anything in the *Ninth Symphony*. In short, it is impossible to account for the mental aberration that could suggest to our critic the notion of comparing them. Again, if we remember rightly, it was laid to the charge of Mendelssohn that, in consequence of somebody's suggestion, he omitted clarinets from various compositions for the Church—as instruments of too soft and voluptuous a character for sacred music!

And of such-like rubbish consist the technical criticisms adduced to illustrate the general opinion which Dr. Zopff, with an aesthetic dulness truly national, attempts to establish in reference to Mendelssohn. The mere thought that the man who composed *Elijah* should be amenable to such a tribunal, is enough to create despair for music in the country of his birth. We are no friends to any restrictions on the expression of opinion; but we must say that if libels on the great dead were scrutinized with as jealous an eye by public opinion as libels on living despots by public governments, such men as Dr. Zopff would have a better chance of meeting their deserts. When, after all this sputter and froth, the writer, alluding to Mendelssohn's expression of grief and despondency in music, quotes a stupid criticism,* in which it is disadvantageously compared with that of Beethoven and Schumann, the cup of disgust is filled to overflow. Only the critic who could name Beethoven and

Schumann (a vigorous giant and a puling school-boy) in a breath, would have been guilty of the nonsense that characterizes in almost every sentence the essays published in DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, under the title of "Characteristics of Mendelssohn." When, however, the same writer (*vide* his last address to our confiding Yankee brother), appeals in support of his own opinions to the "collective verdict of our greatest critics"—of a Marx, a Schumann, and a RELLSTAB (!)—we are less astonished at his madness. Who that has any knowledge of German musical literature, can be unaware of the narrow-mindedness of Herr Marx; of the jealousy which, in spite of a not unamiable nature, the impotent Schumann entertained for his puissant contemporary, whose mere presence at Leipzig tongue-tied the Jesuits; and of the utter incompetency of Herr Rellstab to criticize an art with which his own criticisms prove him to be so superficially acquainted! Our sophist must have been in a sorry plight when he found himself impelled to invite the aid of such champions; and we are happy to leave him with the conviction that Mendelssohn will rank with Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as one of the greatest of musicians, in spite of the shower of "Zopffs" at this time infesting "Vaterland," and playing (without being aware of it) the game of Dr. Liszt, Herr Richard Wagner, and the musical Sepoys.

P.S.—We may express our regret, in a *postscriptum*, that so intelligent and enthusiastic a music-lover as Mr. Dwight (who wrote the analysis of *Elijah*, quoted in the *Musical World*) should be against, instead of with, us in this discussion. If Mr. Dwight will explain the meaning of a single argument in the rhapsody of Dr. Zopff, we shall be happy to salute him. Meanwhile we cannot refrain from calling his attention to the premonitory inscription on the door of Trimalchio (Nero), recorded in the *Satyricon* of Petronius—"Cave Canem." This warning was common among the Romans; and we regard Americans and Englishmen as equally citizens of modern Rome—which means modern civilization. For the sake of music, Mr. Dwight, beware of modern German criticism, for the most part nothing better than a mixture of rhapsody, sophistication, paradox, and fables. "Cave Canem."

Fry's "Leonora"—What the Critics say of it.

(From the Courier and Enquirer.)

Having produced a work of the merit of "Leonora," which we believe was written about seventeen years ago, Mr. Fry had a moral right to expect other treatment than that which he has met with. He had not a right to expect his work to be praised because it was written by an American; but he had a right to a hearing in the metropolis of the United States, and to run his risk of condemnation. We do not advocate the performance, even on a stage less distinguished than that of the Academy of Music, of any and every composition that may be produced by youthful Yankees in their lyric phrenses; but an hour's examination of such a score as that of Mr. Fry's "Leonora," would have convinced any competent and unprejudiced musician that, although not a work of the first class, even in its school, it gave full warrant to the composer to appeal to the public for their judgment upon its merits.

It is needless to speak of the plot of the opera, for it is that of "Claude Melnotte," altered so as to suit the capacity of the lyric stage to express simple emotions only; and having its plot, it has all of that drama that is worth having. Of the music, we have not the space to speak in critical detail. It is written altogether in the school of the modern Italian composers; and although its composer is an American, as much an Italian opera as *La Sonnambula* and *Lucia* are Italian, or *Fidelio* and *Oberon* are German operas—the latter, by the way, having been written to English words. The treatment throughout—of the voice both in the solo parts and in the choruses—of the orchestra,—the free and fluent melodies, not often strongly marked in figure, and advancing always to a climax,—the neglect of contrapuntal effect, even in the concerted pieces,—and the direction of the composer's efforts solely to the dramatic expression of the sentiment of each scene, mark it as a work of that declamatory school which came into existence when Bellini wrote *Tu Vedrai* in *Il Pirata*.

The music is marked by an easy melodic flow throughout. The composer's thoughts are not only graceful in themselves, but he passes from one to the other with that freedom from constraint which only accompanies either great power or skill acquired by long experience. The last, however, Mr. Fry had not when this opera was written; for it must be borne in mind that this is his first dramatic work; and in this fact we find not only the reason but the justification of the resemblance which certain parts of it bear to well-known passages in *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*

* On the violin concerto, which was stated to have been performed, with evident displeasure by Herr Joseph Joachim—a man so intellectually superior to Mendelssohn, and such a hater of the "conversazione style!"

and *I Puritani*. These resemblances are not in melody—there is not a melodic plagiarism in the opera—they are resemblances of rhythm only; but they are so strong as to bring up at once and vividly the passages built upon these rhythms by the preceding composer.

(From the Evening Post.)

To illustrate a drama like this effectively is a task worthy of any composer, and it is no slight praise to say that Mr. Fry's music moved step by step with the story, taking its peculiar coloring as the scene was gay or grave, pathetic or passionate, and embodying with conscientious care the sentiment of each passage. Its chief characteristic is the abundance of graceful, flowing melodies, which, without being very striking, are free from insipidity, and never offend the ear by eccentricities or exaggerated strainings for effect. The almost prodigal liberality with which these are distributed over the work, attests the fertility of invention of a young and untried author, whose enthusiasm carries him triumphantly over difficulties which would be encountered more cautiously and perhaps less successfully by an older composer. This facility, however, entails the liability to imitate, perhaps unconsciously, the ideas or style of others; and it is not remarkable that "Leonora," written in the author's youth, and when he was fascinated by the beauties of Bellini or Donizetti, should possess many points of resemblance to these composers. It would be difficult to point to a first opera which has not been open to the first criticism; and Mr. Fry, in showing the influence which Bellini and Donizetti have exerted upon him, does precisely what they in their turn, and a long line of other illustrious composers, have illustrated in their earlier works. It cannot, however, but be regretted that, after so successful a commencement in the career of an opera composer, he should have stopped short and given no further evidence of his powers.

(From the Daily Times.)

"Leonora" is Mr. Fry's first operatic effort for the public, and, like all first works, it contains much that is admirable, and much that might be better. Its principal characteristic is melody. The fertility of Mr. Fry's invention is in this respect remarkable, and it is the more remarkable from the fact that he does not seek his inspiration in the shady and sentimental groves of the minor scale, like most young composers, but in the broad and healthful uplands of the major mode. The best melodies of the opera, orchestral and vocal, are in the long-breathed, deep-chested major. The exceptions to this general rule are, we should suppose, intentional, as in the drinking song "King Death," where sackcloth and ashes and a touch of brimstone are needed, and in the opening of the second act, where sentimentalism and an oboe are necessary, and elsewhere as occasion demanded. But the prevalent coloring of Mr. Fry's sentimentality is manly, it does not remind you of the greenhorn who trembles when he speaks to a lady, and sits down on his hat in perspiring tremor. What the literature of the day (especially dramatic literature) lacks, this Opera supplies and illustrates—namely, *abandon*. It goes from one idea to another without looking back, and is as hearty, and elastic, and joyful, and satisfied at the beginning of the fourth act as at the commencement of the first. This of course shows an immensely fertile invention, which, as in the case of Rossini, subsequent productions may tame down considerably. Prodigious of idea is certainly an indication of genius, and with other indiscretions, belongs to youth. But what an infinite relief it is to be clothed in melody after being dry-rubbed with mere sound, as in the case of some modern composers, who like many literateurs think that nothing can be good unless it is finnickin' and exhausted and polished.

A frank acknowledgment of the superabundant merit of one of the first essentials of opera leads us naturally to the contemplation of a fault which is sometimes unpleasantly apparent in Mr. Fry's work. This is a certain suggestiveness in the opening bars of some of the melodies, which carries our memory to past pleasures afforded by other composers. Thus, in the second and third acts there are undoubtedly reminiscences of Bellini and of Donizetti, and an old Landler has not been quite forgotten in the finale of the first act. The resemblances are only momentary, and evidently not wilful; but it is one of the phenomena of music that if you but touch the memory of a tune it brings forth all that it has ever retained. There is nothing remarkable, therefore, that such resemblances provoked the ire of those shallow critics who look upon their vocation as a privileged growl, and who are never critical if not severe.

Another defect which belongs to youth, is the excessive use of brass in the orchestra and—we might add—elsewhere. Mr. Fry "goes it" with his three trombones and his Bombardone, as if those instruments breathed the elixir of life. Not a note in the

score has been changed since the time when it was first played in Philadelphia; and we who have heard in New York some of Mr. Fry's recent symphonies, have an opportunity of judging how much he has improved by subduing this excessive vitality. Apart from the brass instruments, the orchestration is remarkable for its fluency, for its fullness, and for its progress. Albrechtsberger somewhere says, that the indispensable requisites for a worthy theatrical composer, are a proved experience of dramatic effect in rhetorical declamation, a lively fancy in musical painting, practical knowledge of vocal and instrumental effect, and a judicious employment of all lawful aids. In each respect Mr. Fry is equal to the emergency suggested by the fine old theorist; his declamation is dramatic (our only objection being that it is sometimes too dramatic); his fancy luxuriant to a degree; his knowledge (theoretical, rather than practical, we judge), of vocal and instrumental effect, good; and his employment of lawful aids (and unlawful aids, sometimes) sufficient to satisfy the critical part of the audience and please the multitude. Still, as we have said, his instrumentation is loud, and brassy, and in some cases unconventional to the point of inconsistency, as in the romance and aria of *Marianna* in the third act, where the drum and the cymbals are employed in the accompaniment of the *contralto* voice. We are aware that the piece is a Moorish piece, and that the instruments are "characteristic." But truth never sounded more unpleasantly than in this case. We call particular attention to the melody of this romance, and of the duet which follows. They are the only additions Mr. Fry has made to the opera, and show once more how astonishing is his supply of melody.

(From the Express.)

Our impressions of "Leonora" are of a mixed character. The opera seems to us a study in the school of Bellini. It is full of delicious, sweet music, but constantly recalls the *Sonnambula* and *Norma*. It is marked by skill in instrumentation, the secret of which the composer seems effectually to have probed. It has many flowing melodies, many pretty effects, much that should encourage its author to renewed efforts; but, like all early endeavors, it is full of reminiscences. It tantalizes the hearer by much that reminds him of other music. This is the case not only in the treatment of particular situations in the development of character and the expression of passion, but also in the very airs of the opera. Many of those are not imitations, but really adaptations. Still there is much that is original, or that at least indicates a promise of originality—much that one might imagine could be developed into character. The peculiarities which most strongly distinguish his production are sweetness of melody and lack of dramatic characterization. All the characters sing the same sort of music—a love passage or a burst of stormy passion is treated much in the same style. One feels the need of relief from the monotony of sweets.

We cannot now attempt to analyze the opera, but must content ourselves with saying that it progresses in merit from the opening scene to the close. The first act did not strike us at all favorably: the second was vastly better, especially in the instrumental portion, but constantly recalled Bellini, and in the finale resembles a piece from *Guillaume Tell*. The third act contains more originality, the music for *Marianna* especially being more individualized and more spirited than any in the opera. The finale of this act, however, could not but remind one again of the first act of *Sonnambula*, while the concluding song of the opera is also an imitation (unconscious it may be) of the "Ah, non giunge."

Were Mr. Fry now to write an opera, he would probably rely more on his own strength—he would know when he was composing, and when he was remembering. We hope some day to chronicle the production and success of his second work, which will probably be one brimful of melody, exquisitely sweet and tender—that shall evince complete mastery of all the resources of instrumentation (which have received a great development since "Leonora" was written); and, beside these, we trust, be marked by stronger individualization of the characters, by greater contrasts in the effects, and an entire reliance upon its author's own abilities.

(From the Musical Review.)

We understand that this opera was produced for the first time some twelve years ago. Perhaps it was written several years previous to that time, so that we may fairly conclude Mr. Fry was, at the time of composing it, very young. We should not be surprised if it was his first essay at composition on a large scale, for it bears all the characteristics of such a work. The inexperienced hand can be traced not only in the choruses and ensemble-pieces, but in the phrasing of most of the songs of the opera. Almost every thing

is poorly shaped and put together, and what is still worse, worked closely after the most common pattern.

At the time when Mr. Fry composed this opera, Donizetti and Bellini were the most popular composers for the stage, and evidently he wrote under their influence. He ends his phrases just as they do, and unfortunately he also commences like them. There seems to be no attempt on his part to be independent from the hackneyed style of the Italians then in vogue, no attempt to mix the common ingredients of a very common dish in such a way that they may not seem *too common*—a most surprising fact.

We have learnt to esteem Mr. Fry in his literary pursuits for the very opposite qualities he displays in his music. In the former, he seems to have a way of his own, which, perhaps, is seldom novel, but which always excites our interest by the lively, spirited, and intellectual manner in which they are done. Shortly, Mr. Fry, as *homme de lettres*, presents to us a strong-minded individuality, while the music to his opera has not a fathom of individuality whatever. The cause of this anomaly is easily accounted for; it stares us in the face from almost every piece of the opera. Mr. Fry knows his own language thoroughly, but has no command over that of music. If Mr. Fry understands how to manage harmony, orchestration, and all the technical requisites for writing an opera, as well as the language he speaks and writes, he would have produced a far different work, a real opera with quartets, trios, duos, choruses, and ensembles, and not one with a quantity of ballads and a few attempts at four-part songs. He would have clothed his music with an orchestration which can be called such, and not a quantity of brass sounds which evidently were put on after the opera was finished. The whole orchestration of *Leonora* is somewhat like a picture in which trees and houses are daubed in red, and the people make a very green appearance. We can not help thinking if the intelligent author should read such a work in a literary book, he would be little satisfied with it himself; and if he recognized it as his own offspring, he would consider it as one of the weaknesses of his youth, and think best to put it in oblivion forever. Why it has not been done in this instance, we can not understand; for the *musician* Fry of our days must be so much superior to the one who wrote this opera, that he can but regret its reproduction.

We have until now avoided to speak of the merits of the work with regard to melody, because it is not a very pleasant task to tell a man whose *literary* ideas we respect and have often made our delight, that he bores us with the poverty of his *musical* ones. We expected, at least occasionally, that brilliancy and originality of ideas which characterize the writings of Mr. Fry, but in vain. Those of the melodies which are not a close imitation of Bellini's, are such as to produce on a cultivated mind an impression little favorable. He evidently aims in his opera, at popularity; but the means he employs are not worthy of his taste and talents.

The question is now: Whether there is any thing in *Leonora* which indicates a vocation on the part of its author for this kind of composition? We believe there is. He seems to have what we should call the feeling for dramatic effects, which, if sustained by science, is of the greatest avail to any composer of operas. Mr. Fry can be passionate and inspired; he seems to be one of those men—of whom our country is perhaps richer than any other—who attempt every thing grand and beautiful; but whether he has, on the musical field, the power to finish his attempts successfully, can only be decided when he favors us with another opera of more recent composition. *Leonora* makes us fear he has not.

To these critical authorities we may add others hereafter. At present we give a delicious offset to them in the testimony of one who claims to be a "layman" only in the art of music. The genuine, fresh impressions of persons of soul and insight, are not without their value even in matters of Art where they have small experience. Our friend is certainly original and out-spoken. For a curious reason, he went to hear Fry's first opera; it was also his first opera,—the first he ever heard. He went with strong Carlylian prepossessions against marrying music with the drama, and he came away confirmed, of course. Fry may feel happy that his music touched at least one listener,—one who is no fool, we can tell him,—and that, in spite of scenery and action, by its pure influence as music.

NEW YORK, April 5, 1858.

Now, my dear Dwight, don't you envy me? I have been to the opera for the first time in my life.

It was quite a new sensation; I think I must have had a more vivid impression of things than it would have been possible for you to have. When I say, I was at the opera for the first time in my life on the 31st ult., I would not have you understand that I had never heard music; but I have sought oratorios and concerts in preference to operas, because I never could conceive that action and scenery could do aught else than spoil the music.

But I made an exception for Leonora, from the intense curiosity which I have had for twelve years to hear Wm. H. FRY's music. Twelve years ago I pronounced upon his daguerreotype, not knowing nor even suspecting whose it was, that it was the daguerreotype of a great musical composer. I wanted to hear his music, and judge for myself how correct my verdict on his daguerreotype was. So I went to the Academy, and listened with most attentive ears. I was delighted, I was deeply moved. Whether the music is a reminiscence of Bellini's or original with Fry, I will not attempt to decide; for I have never heard anything but brief extracts from Bellini, and have a poor musical memory; but the music of Leonora is certainly beautiful, and exquisitely adapted in its expression to the sentiment of the words. I repeatedly found the music giving me a much better conception of the scene than the mere words of the libretto could do; frequently anticipating the words, or giving the feelings of the spectators rather than of the actors.

On returning home, I sat down to the piano with the piano-forte edition of the opera, and was sorry to find that I had not heard the whole; that in bringing it out in New York they had omitted many passages, and among them the beautiful song of the wedding morning, and the sweet tenor melody, "Oh, blame her not."

But, my dear Dwight, will it shock your sense of propriety, and lower me forever in your esteem, if I tell you that I think the scenery, costumes, and acting, a most intensely childish piece of work? The only use in it, as far as I could see, was to amuse those who could not feel the music; and to prevent those that could feel the music from feeling it so deeply as to be painful. When my eyes were cast down upon the libretto, the music would thrill through me, and move me to tears; but I found instant relief when I raised my eyes to the stage, and saw men and women dressed out in such a profusion of parapet colors and glittering spangles, strutting about, and assuming such fantastic attitudes. It seemed to me on a par with flashing gunpowder, and throwing peas against the window during the "hailstone chorus." I feel confident that I should enjoy a "rehearsal" of the opera, without costume or scenery, incomparably more than I could enjoy the "performance" of it; and I am the more confident of it from my enjoyment of Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," when given by your Handel and Haydn Society as an oratorio.

PRYTANIS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 17, 1858.

The Oratorios.

SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 10TH.—The third of the four performances given by the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, with the aid of CARL FORMES, &c., filled the Music Hall with a most eager audience, and gave the highest satisfaction. But for one or two selections, and too much *encoring*, it might be called in all respects a model concert. The first part of the programme was miscellaneous, as follows:

1. Overture: "Leonora." (No. 3.)	Beethoven.
2. Aria from the "Magic Flute,"	Mozart.
Carl Formes.	
3. Grand Aria: "Faust,"	Spoehr.
Miss Annie Milner.	
3. The Wanderer,	Schubert.
Carl Formes.	
5. My Sister Dear,	Auber.
Ernest Perring.	
6. Fantasia on Airs from "Lucrezia Borgia," with	
Orchestral accompaniment,	Cooper.
H. C. Cooper.	
7. Aria from "Le Nozze di Figaro,"	Mozart.
Carl Formes.	

We are sure of real soul's satisfaction and comfort, of being filled and lifted up and strengthened, whenever we can hear such music as the *Leonora* overture. Its human tenderness goes to the very heart, while its earnestness and vigor and consistency make one feel stronger. Mr. ZERRAHN's orchestra played it with spirit and expression; but it needed a much larger body of strings for full effect of the heroic passages, especially the great violin *crescendo* near the end.

We know not when we have listened with so much delight to the grand organ of CARL FORMES, as in that deep song of peace, the great bass air: *In diesen heil'gen Hallen*, from the "Zauberflöte";—a song which shows the consummate genius of Mozart,—simple, massive, perfect in its melodic form, and set in frame-work of exquisite orchestration. How holy and serene its whole expression; how strengthening and tranquillizing to the soul passion-tossed! A true initiation into the temple where peace reigns! The musical sweetness, together with large volume, of the singer's higher tones, in the opening of the strain, and the majestic, ponderous movement of his low tones in that genuine sub-bass passage which leads down in the end to E below the staff, were alike satisfying—unparalleled in sublimity and beauty. There was far more music, more melodic continuity, in these low tones of Formes, than in that "double D" business which so astonishes the multitude in his songs in the "Creation." Schubert's "Wanderer" of course required only a piano-forte accompaniment, which was played by Mr. PERRING. It was sung with great tenderness and great energy of feeling, and warmed up the audience to enthusiastic demonstrations. Formes, responding, seated himself at the piano and sang a simple German ballad of much beauty. His rendering of the famous *Non piu andrai*, from "Figaro," the prototype of more than one famous buffo air, revealed his rare powers as a dramatic comic singer, and aggravated the regret which all feel at not hearing Formes on the operatic stage. This also had to be repeated.

Miss MILNER has some of the most pleasing and sterling qualities of a good singer,—a voice (soprano), naturally clear and rich, though somewhat worn, an artistic style, and an unaffected manner; but she did not seem in her best voice that night; nor was her selection a very happy one. Like so much of Spohr's music, the air from "Faust," with all its sentimentality and all its difficult bravura, is unquenchable. We would have preferred Mr. PERRING also in a less sweetish melody than "My sister dear," although it suits so sweet a tenor. It touched the multitude, however, whose applause was answered by an English song of his own about "the maids of merry England."

Mr. COOPER is so consummate an artist with his violin, that it is a pleasure to hear him

play anything; in the merest show-piece, there would still be the finest beauty of tone, a purity of intonation not to be surpassed, a grace and symmetry of form and phrasing, a perfectness of style, with everywhere chance touches of expression, which ensure at least a refined pleasure. His "Borgia" variations were ingenious and well instrumented, and his execution of them all that could be asked. But in such a concert, for the one hearing of such an artist, a part at least of the Concerto by Mendelssohn, which he has played before so admirably, or of the Concerto by Beethoven, would have seemed more worthy.

We hasten to Part Second, the first performance in Boston of one of Mendelssohn's larger works, the Symphony-Cantata: *Lobgesang*, or "Hymn of Praise." It also is one of his very greatest works, alike as orchestral Symphony, or Oratorio; and it is of a much more enjoyable length than most Oratorios, occupying not much more than one hour in the performance. We doubt if any large work of sacred music, given by the Handel and Haydn Society, has made a finer impression as a whole upon the audience. From the first notes of the Symphony, where the leading theme (still ringing in our ears) is startlingly commenced by hoarse trombones, to its last return as a clincher to the "high argument" in the grand final chorus, there is not one weak spot in it. There is wonderful unity in its successively developed movements. The inspiration sustains itself throughout; the happy design goes on realizing itself with brighter and brighter glory to the end; the pregnant theme: *All that have life and breath*, &c., opens up beauties and splendors that never disappoint.

The Symphony was finely played. The Allegro movement, with its broad, rejoicing, flowing theme, was new to this audience, and quite fulfilled the promise of Mr. Macfarren's description (copied in our last two numbers). The lovely Allegretto, alternating its phrases afterwards with the rich, bracing Choral of the wind instruments, has been long a favorite in our concerts. And the Adagio Religioso was not wholly new to us; but its beauty of form and sentiment were only half divined, until we heard it this time as a lovely member of a vital whole. There is no pause between the three movements; and in the same way the Symphony leads, by emphatic iterations of a bold figure (first heard in an episode of the Adagio), into the majestic opening chorus: *All men, all things, sing to the Lord*; with which solemn prelude the fervent Allegro: *Praise the Lord with lute and harp* starts off with still kindling energy, only to find the burden of its song at last in that opening trombone theme. Beautiful is the soprano solo into which it leads, and beautifully did Mrs. HARWOOD's clear and fresh voice give it, while sopranis and altis, in aerial chorus, rained soft light through the thrilled

and tremulous air (with the accompaniment in iterated notes).

Mr. PERRING's tenor was hardly so effective as one could wish in the tenor recitative : *Sing ye praise*; but the air was sweetly sung. The chorus in G minor : *All ye that cried in deep affliction*, &c., with continuous figure of triplets in the accompaniment, is one of those exquisitely soft and soothing choruses peculiar to Mendelssohn, and was rendered with great delicacy. One of the most admirable numbers is the duet (for sopranos), with chorus : *I waited for the Lord*, which Mr. Macfarren has described so truly, and which was finely rendered on all hands. Miss ADAMS has a soprano voice of remarkable beauty, power and freshness; she is very young, but seems to have the gifts which under proper culture ought to make a capital singer. The voice of Mrs. Harwood blended finely with it; the themes are worked up, or rather grow, to admirable climax with the repeated entrance of the chorus; particularly fine is that part where the tenors and basses softly take up the original melody as an accompaniment to the soli.

For the very dramatic and intensely interesting passage : *Watchman, will the night soon pass*, a more robust tenor, in fact a great tenor, seemed required; yet the scene made its impression, and dazzlingly splendid was the transition into the major of the key (the triumphant key of D), into the uncontrollable rapture of the chorus : *The night is departing*, — the sublimest moment of the whole composition. What an influx of new life and heroic resolution in the strong and nervous little fugue there : *let us gird on the armor of Light*! And how vividly the imagination is excited at the conclusion, as those long loud calls, from one party of voices to another, echo away through the vast vaults of the night!

But perhaps the old German Choral, which follows, is not less sublime, sung in chaste, four-part harmony, without accompaniment, in the first verse; and in the second verse buoyed up upon a rich undulating sea of violin figural harmony. The duet : *My song shall always be thy mercy*, was finely sung by Mrs. Harwood and Mr. Perring, and the great chorus : *Ye nations, ye monarchs*, &c., calling on all to offer glory to the Lord, is wrought up to a sublime conclusion, with the re-affirming of the first text and key-note of the whole : *All that has life and breath sing to the Lord. Hallelujah!*

The success of the *Lobgesang* was so complete, and it is so practicable, not requiring any foreign talent for its execution, that we sincerely hope the Handel and Haydn Society will give us one or more repetitions of it.

SUNDAY EVENING.—“The Creation.” Haydn's sweet, melodious, spring-like music made the usual impression—charming and

refreshing sense and soul at first, but cloying by monotonous excess of sweet towards the end. As we have said before, we never could tell whether the last chorus was well sung or not; with the sense wearied by so much preceding sweetness, we always had a dull, confused impression of it. We are quite sure, however, that it is not a great chorus—not to be mentioned with the last in the “Messiah”—and a great falling off, both this and all the last choruses, from the sublime height reached in *The Heavens are telling*. The performance generally was a fine one, chorus and orchestra doing their best. FORMES sang this time the part of Adam, which he did not before; and this was much the truest, smoothest and most satisfactory half of his performance. In the descriptive airs and recitatives of Raphael he was more than usually false in intonation; nor was his descent to the great low D (which so excites the many) at all musical or continuous; it seemed a hard gymnastic effort; the huge boulder of tone did not roll down easily, but met with more resistance than was necessary to dignified composure of movement. And then the slide or *portamento*, particularly downward, is not an agreeable habit of the voice. Yet it would be folly to deny that the great qualities of Formes, his power and genius as a singer, stamped themselves upon the performance. In the rapturous thanks-giving part of one of those Trios he sang with an inspiring fervor. It is great-hearted singing.

Mrs. LONG surpassed herself in the air : *With verdure clad*, and more especially in *On mighty pens*, giving a somewhat original and, we thought, felicitous version of the dove cooings. Mrs. HARWOOD, as Eve, in the duets with Formes, sustained herself finely; and Mr. PERRING's tenor was melodious and musically modulated as usual.

THE LONDON MUSICAL WORLD is often quoted in our columns, and we owe it thanks. The *London Musical World* copies many of our articles and honorably gives us credit. The London *Musical World* is also fond of complimenting us. It is pleased with our appreciation of its idol, MENDELSSOHN, and copied our poor analysis of “Elijah.” But the London *Musical World* cannot bear any sort of criticism upon its idol, or any limitation, or question, in the estimating of his genius. It hates the new men—Schumann, as well as Liszt and Wagner. The “Music of the Future” is a bugbear which almost threatens to drive it out of its sane senses. It has several times taken an angry pull at the long and respectable queue of Dr. ZOPPEFF's communications on the subject of Mendelssohn, to which we have given place. And now it pulls away again, and to more compliment adds friendly warning for our own especial benefit, raising the cry of “mad dog” against modern German musical criticism.

We give the article upon another page. We shall not enter into the general question of the musical supremacy of Mendelssohn, nor that of the “Music of the Future.” All we have now to say is simply this.

1. We are not “against” you in this discussion.

Our editorial policy is perhaps different from yours; but we believe in the entertaining of questions which will and must arise until such time as they shall either get settled or prove themselves beyond solution. We like to give both sides a hearing. Do not so hastily assume that we endorse the views of every writer to whom we give the hospitality of our columns. The controversy lies between the Berlin critic and the London editor; we are not answerable for it, farther than to allow fair play.

2. We are not in the least danger of wandering away where the wholesome light and warmth of the great suns of the musical system shall not reach us. We cannot cast off the influence of Bach and Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, even with this fleshly tabernacle.

That we admire and love the music of Mendelssohn we need not assert. That very piece about “Elijah,” past editorials without number, this day's paper, with our impressions of the *Lodgesang*, bear witness to our love. But Mendelssohn is not our especial idol. We, and many others, feel that somehow he is not quite as great, or not great in just the same sense as Handel, Beethoven or Mozart. The cause and meaning of this feeling, this very common and sincere experience, it is surely worth while to investigate. They who have had it longest, and stood nearest to the music and the man, are the Germans. The Germans, too, (of course with differences and exceptions), are the world's wisest critics in all things artistic and aesthetic. Doubtless some of them attempt too high a flight and fall to the ground. Dr. Zopff is an intelligent musician, writes fairly and in earnest, if not very clearly in respect of style. Whether he be right or wrong in his suggestions, we do not determine. But we believe there are enough grains of reason in them, and that they find enough sympathy in other minds, to make them worthy of a hearing. In the matter of Catholicity and fairness, we do think the Berlin critic has the advantage of our London Mentor.

3. Again, we think that one of the most important and useful functions of criticism is that of measuring acknowledged great men by the highest, even an absolute standard. The question of *genius* in the highest sense, of creative imagination, is one that is fairly raised even of many of the world's shining lights. This is a nobler function than that of criticizing little men, of showing up the false and the foolish. It may seem to partial admirers, like our English friend, to be equally a negative, fault-finding kind of criticism; but it is not; it is an attempt at honest, candid, severe appreciation by the highest standard. What if it result in the conviction that Spenser is inferior to Shakespeare, Haydn to Mozart, Mendelssohn to Beethoven?—is this disparaging to either of them?

4. We must protest against this English habit of classing Schumann in the same category of condemnation with Richard Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz. Schumann, in the first place, was a man of musical ideas, of musical inspirations, of some imaginative and creative faculty, whether the latter are or not. He has left Songs that are full of melody, fine original creations. His earlier piano pieces, with all their freakish and fantastical varieties of form and subject, abound in beauties and felicitous conceits. His Symphonies are no “puling school-boy's” work. They have ideas in them, and show a vigorous treatment. And this leads us to say, in the second place, that Schumann's Symphonies, &c., are built essentially upon the same classic form of the four movements with those of Beethoven; they are exceptional only in now and then an episode, and do by no means set the conventional structure at defiance, like the works of Wagner, who renounces all allegiance to existing models. There is one and the same principle of unity (we mean of form) in the Symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schu-

mann. By the Wagnerian "Music of the Future" standard, Schumann is conservative, a preserver and continuator, not a ruthless "Sepoy" and destroyer of the forms in which Art has instinctively and by its own innate law grown up. For our part, we must say that the same reasons, apart from the individuality of the men, lead us to admire the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Schumann.

5. Then, as to critical capacity and soundness, we may ask who has written better about music in our day than Robert Schumann. Read his Maxims, which we have placed on our first page; the man who gives us these out of his own life and practice, must be a sound thinker and teacher, and a true artist. Does he not tell the student to make the Preludes and Fugues of Bach his daily bread? Does that sound like a "Sepoy's" creed? What different advice would your own Mendelssohn have given? There is one of those maxims, which we beg leave respectfully to command to the especial consideration of the London *Musical World*. It is this:

"Reverence the Old, but meet the New also with a warm heart. Cherish no prejudice against names unknown to you."

6. Finally, we do not think it worth while to be frightened by the cry of mad dog.

The Drama.

The course of solid, satisfying good old English comedy fare, which Mrs. BARROW has of late been supplying at the Howard Athenaeum, was last Tuesday set aside, to make room for the spicier and more stimulating food of the modern drama. Each diet has its devotees, and in a well regulated theatrical table d'hôte each should be represented. The play produced last Tuesday evening, although announced as the work of a gentleman of this city, Mr. OLIVER S. LELAND, proves to be, like most of the attempts of our countrymen in the same field, a mere translation from a French drama of established fame. Mr. Leland, however, has acted more audaciously than any of his predecessors, having claimed more, while performing less. Few translators have, like him, publicly proclaimed their title to authorship, and few have reproduced so literally and exactly as he has done, the plays in imitation of which their pieces were constructed. The "Beatrice" of Mr. Leland is simply and solely the "Lady Tartuffe" of Madame de Girardin. Every one familiar with the works of this distinguished authoress knows this comedy—her masterpiece, perhaps. There is not a more elegantly written, nor hardly a more effective drama in the French language. Faithfully translated, it of course retains its effectiveness; and its own merits, together with the excellence of its performance at the Howard, secured it a complete success. The acting throughout was good, and that of Mrs. Barrow, in the part of Beatrice, especially to be commended. The piece was put upon the stage in superb style, for which, as well as for the enterprise displayed in bringing out what was supposed to be an American play, the management shall be thanked.

Mr. BARRY's magnificent preparation of the Indian drama, "Jessie Brown," has been unavailing. For the past two weeks the Boston Theatre has displayed the several attractions of a highly effective play, a most charming little actress to personate the leading part, and scenic illustrations of Eastern grandeur on a scale of splendor hitherto unseen in this country. But "Jessie Brown" has failed thus far to pay its way. Why, no man can tell, for certainly there never was a piece brought out in this city better calculated to catch the popular fancy.

The Museum has prospered well, with one of its amusing fairy spectacles—one of those in which nonsense and absurdity are so boldly promulgated, that they become delightful; especially when sustained by such shows and pageantry as the Museum affords.

Mr. THORNE's attempt to regenerate the National Theatre has resulted disastrously to him, and he will probably soon relinquish his charge.

Musical Chit-Chat.

The Concert to be given at the Music Hall this evening, by the GERMANIA BAND, is one well worthy of attention. If successful, it may lead to a much needed reform in the whole system of our Band music. Bands of mere brass have long since come to be a weariness, a nuisance. Who has not longed for a return to the good old days of clarinets and bassoons and French horns, mingled with the harsher martial instruments, and lending finer outline, light and shade, and contrast of color, to the music? The Germania Band, composed of German and of native players, has now increased its numbers so that it can

furnish a Reed band of 35 instruments, or an Orchestra of 40, as well as the usual brass band of 18. To-night they give the first public exhibition of their powers; and it behoves all who care that our street music should be *music*, and not *noise*,—all who desire a provision for good summer evening music on the Common, or Promenade Concerts in the Music Hall, to lend their countenance and their material aid to this experiment. Let the Music Hall be crowded.

We would remind all the world "and the rest of mankind," that next Wednesday will be the *last* of the Afternoon Orchestral Concerts—probably the last chance this year of hearing a good Symphony, or an Orchestra at all, except in theatres. Last Wednesday we had Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, Overture to "Martha," Duet from "Tell," Schubert's "Lob der Thränen," and a capitally well played solo on the French Horn, by Mr. TROJSI. . . . Boston has lost a most valuable and leading member of its musical world in the person of Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS CHICKERING, who has removed to New York,—the great piano-making business of Chickering & Sons requiring that a partner of the firm should represent it there. Mr. Chickering has opened large and elegant warerooms upon Broadway (corner of Fourth Street), which must soon become a pleasant resort of all musical people. In Mr. C. our Handel and Haydn Society lose the most efficient President, perhaps, they ever had. To him we are indebted for the noble Festival last May. It will be hard to fill his place. . . . That important depot of fine, cheap English editions of the best Sacred Music, Novello's Sacred Music Store, (now under the charge of Mr. Novello's enterprising successors, Messrs. WEBB & ALLEN), has been removed from its old stand in Broadway, to finer quarters at No. 6, Astor Place. There is no better place to find good editions of Oratorio, Organ, Mass, English Service, and all kinds of approved sacred music.

Our friend, RICHARD WILLIS, of the New York *Musical World*, has met with a severe affliction. We read in the *Tribune*, April 12:

The funeral of Mrs. Richard Storrs Willis, which took place at the Episcopal Church in Twenty-ninth street, was largely attended by a distinguished and sympathizing company. Among the mourners were the bereaved husband, the parents, N. P. Willis, Esq., Mr. and Mrs. Parton, and others. The services were elaborate. The choir sang; Mrs. Bodstein, too, gave some of Handel's strains in a most touching style; and the pastor of the church, beside the regular reading, delivered a discourse in which he properly portrayed the numerous excellencies of the deceased, and alluded to her church membership and Christian devotedness in a manner that flooded many eyes with tears. He also happily introduced the eminent contributions of Mr. R. S. Willis to the sacred services of his church. Mrs. Willis died in child-birth, and leaves three young children, and a wide circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn her loss.

We have received a marked copy of the Philadelphia *Daily Argus*, of which the heart of the matter is this:

HAWTHORNE SCHOTTISCHE.—We have sent to Mr. Dwight, this week, a copy of our Schottische, and would like to have his editorial opinion thereupon.—*Musical Critic*.

For the Schottische we return respectful acknowledgement, but no opinion;—the truth is, we don't dance.

RONCONI has at last made his debut at the Philadelphia Academy, on Monday, in *Maria di Rohan*, and with immense success. The *Bulletin* says:

Ronconi is small of stature, not handsome in face or figure, and his ordinary gait and motions are neither graceful nor dignified. His voice is rather harsh in quality, and not very powerful; he vocalizes with no great skill, and he often begins an air slightly below the pitch. "He is not worth hearing, then," many will say; but we assert that, with all these glaring imperfections, he is the most extraordinary and impressive performer that has ever appeared on the American lyric stage, and this appeared to be the unanimous sentiment last evening.

* * * But the grandeur of his performance was all concentrated in the third act, beginning with the discovery of the supposed treachery of his wife. Then, the outburst of passion was wonderful to witness. Face and figure seemed to dilate, and the dignity of his presence to fill the stage. The voice, too, seemed inspired by the aroused genius, and every word was uttered with an intensity of heartfelt meaning that thrilled through every one. In the next scene, when with savage irony he taunts his wife, he was even greater. Every nerve seemed to thrill with intense vitality; every motion and every look was a study, and no one thought of Ronconi, his figure or his voice, but became absorbed in the passion of *Chevreuse*. The discovery of *Chodas* gave occasion for another wonderful display, and the catastrophe was grand beyond description.

The Mozart Society, in Worcester, Mass., gave a Concert on Fast evening, consisting of selections from the Oratorios. . . . Fast Day in Manchester, N. H., last week, was relieved by the Concert of Mr. G. W. STRATTON, assisted by Mrs. Bradley (soprano), Mr. C. R. Adams (tenor), Mr. Gärtner (violinist), and Mr. Baumbach (pianist), from this city. One half of the programme was miscellaneous; the other consisted of selections from Mr. Stratton's opera, "The Buccaneer." . . . The Traveller, speaking

of the songs sung by Formes last Saturday evening, gives us this remarkable information:

The programme was arranged with particular reference to an exhibition, (so far as could be had) of his versatility in various styles of music, and in the various languages; the one being in French; another in German; and still another in the Latin; in all of which he seemed perfectly at home.

The learned critic would oblige us further, if he would inform us which of the songs was sung in French, and which in Latin! They were: "In diesen heißen Hallen"; "Der Wanderer"; and "Non piu andrai".

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14.—It is consoling to know that MUSARD's grand concerts, with their Express Galops, their "beufs-et-mouton" Quadrilles, their "Bataille des Zouaves," their gongs, their liveried waiters and uniformed newsboys, &c., &c., have not entirely crushed to earth more modest entertainments. To be sure, Mr. ULLMAN does his best to leave no room in the public mind for aught else. His advertisements divide the daily papers with those of the New York *Ledger*; and, not satisfied with the circulation thus given to them, he resorts to still other means. Not long ago a thick letter was handed in, with: "Two cents to pay." As there was no stamp on the missive, the demand seemed suspicious. The envelope was found to contain the sum of all the advertisements relating to Musard and his concerts, which had ever appeared in our papers—neatly printed in pamphlet form. On looking for the messenger at the front door, there stood a small urchin, about eighteen inches high, with a bundle of similar notes in his hand. He was asked: "Why do you ask two cents for this?" Ans. (in a piping voice): "For profit!" "How's that?" "For taking 'em round!" No doubt he made considerable "profit" in the end, for many people would give the two cents without thinking, or looking to see that they gave them for what they can read every day in the newspapers. And that this was no mere speculation of the boy, but one of Ullman's *modi operandi*, was proved by the fact of his name being stamped on the envelope.

But, as I said before, there is still some room left for something better. MASON's, and EISFELD's concerts have again followed each other in rapid succession during the past week. The former, on Saturday morning, was one of the best of the series, if not as a whole, yet in some of its points. There were again, as at some of the previous ones, only three pieces on the programme; but two of these, Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata and Bach's Triple Concerto, were gems of the first water. The third, though the first in order, was the second Quartet of Schumann, Op. 42, which pleased me infinitely less than the No. 1, which we have heard at Mason's and Eisfeld's this winter. It is much more in Schumann's far-fetched, overstrained vein than the other. The Sonata was admirably played by Messrs. Mason and Thomas, and was glorious as ever. The rendering of the Concerto, as a whole, was so infinitely superior to that at Satter's concert, that the composition seemed like a totally different one. On that occasion I could not recognize it at all as the same piece I had heard at Mason's Matinée two years before: this time it made precisely the same impression on me as at the first hearing. This may have been partly owing to the different arrangement of the instruments—at Satter's concert they were scattered over the whole platform, and the string instruments placed beside the pianos, while at Mason's they were in front, which caused a much better blending of the tones,—and to the double-bass, omitted at Satter's, which marked the time more definitely; but above and beyond all, to the very excellent performance of the three pianists, Messrs. TIMM, SCHAFENBERG, and MASON, who interpreted so thoroughly the spirit of the great composer. They played as if they had one body and one soul, and the notes were so marvellously intertwined, that it was almost impossible to dis-

tinguish one piano from the others. It is a strange, quaint composition — bringing up before the mind gorgeous pageants of stately lords and ladies in powder, starch, and stiff brocade, with their straight-laced deportment, measured tread, and yet, withal, transcendent manly or delicate beauty, which no ungraceful forms of fashion can conceal.

(We must leave the remainder of this letter till next week.—Ed.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y., MARCH 31.—The fourth and last concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Saturday evening last. The audience was all that could be desired. The Programme was as follows :

PART I.
Symphony—in C, Op. 5, Niels W. Gade.
Scena—"Wie nahte mir der Schlummer," Weber.
Madame Johannsen.
Romanza for Cornet a Piston, T. Eisfeld.
Mr. Schreiber.

PART II.
Overture—"Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt," (Calm at Sea and Prosperous Voyage,) Mendelssohn.
Aria—"Ernani Involami!" Verdi.
Madame Johannsen.
Nocturne Melodique—"French Horn," W. Lawrence.
Mr. H. Schnitz.
Overture—Tannhäuser, R. Wagner.

The Symphony, it seems to me, will not bear a favorable comparison with those of Mendelssohn, to say nothing of those of the older Masters. I think, however, no one can hear this Symphony without being more than pleased. Its thoughts may not be of the Titanic kind, or as "huge as high Olympus," but it possesses merit enough to render it always a favorite with those who love the simple and beautiful.

The composer seems to waste his energies, or rather he is too lavish in the use of his material on the start. Take, for instance, the third movement, *Andante Grazioso*. The first theme of this movement is perfectly charming, but the remaining two-thirds fail to satisfy the expectations raised while listening to the first, so that it is somewhat difficult to tell at the close whether you are entirely pleased or not. The whole Symphony partakes of this character, but it is more apparent in this movement than in the others.

In the vocal part, the arrangements were much more satisfactory than at either of the previous concerts. JOHANNSEN sang the Scena from *Der Freischütz* exceedingly well. The audience were evidently not expecting so satisfactory a performance, and the applause was earnest and hearty. She cannot be called a great singer, but one who will always please, and with many she will be a great favorite.

Ernani, involami requires what Johannsen does not possess, but what LAGRANGE does possess to a greater degree of perfection than any other artist we have had with us, a facility of vocal execution capable of performing all sorts of impossibilities. The audience, however, were so well satisfied with the singing of it by Johannsen, as to ask for a repetition. If contrast is something to be desired in making up a programme, we had it in two vocal pieces. But measured by the rule of good taste, and the "eternal fitness of things," I think it would hardly "pass muster." This selection from Verdi's *Ernani* seemed to me much like a display of fire-works on a beautiful moonlight night, and, as a matter of course, the pyrotechnics must suffer most by the comparison.

The *Romanze* and *Nocturne Melodique* were both admirably done and gave much pleasure.

The Overture, "Calm at sea and prosperous voyage," was very much admired, and I am sure the composer himself would have been perfectly satisfied with the manner in which it was played, under the able and judicious management of Mr. EISFELD. This gentleman still grows in public favor, and, at least with us, has no superior as a conductor.

The Overture to *Tannhäuser* is certainly the most wonderful, and also, to me, incomprehensible musical composition I have ever heard. I presume it was well played; at all events the Orchestra worked hard.

The "Philharmonic Society of Brooklyn," finds itself at the close of its first season out of debt, with music on hand for which they have paid \$400. But it must be remembered, this has not been accomplished by having, as is the case in New York, the gratuitous services of all the solo performers, both vocal and instrumental; on the other hand, our Society has paid everybody, always a fair, and in some cases an exorbitant price for their services. While much of the success of this first season of our new Society is due to the good taste and enterprise of our citizens, much is also due to individual effort. Many of our more public-spirited citizens have aided both with their tissue and money to sustain and carry on this series of concerts. The President of the Society, LUTHER B. WYMAN, Esq., and the Secretary, Professor RAYMOND of the Polytechnic Institute, have both been unceasing and untiring in their efforts to carry them through successfully.

BELLINI.

LOUISVILLE, MARCH 20.—On the 17th inst. we had the second concert of the season, of our new Orchestral Association, "The Louisville Musical Fund Society."

The Programme could not fail to draw a choice audience to the hall of the Masonic Temple, which was well filled. In the performance of the following pieces, I found even an improvement in the orchestral parts as regards precision and accurateness.

PART I.
1. Wedding March, Mendelssohn.
2. Scena—"Come per me, Sereno," Bellini.
3. Overture—*Fanchon*, Himmel.
4. Quartet—*Bella Figlia dell'amore*, from *Rigoletto*, Verdi.
 Misses Collier and Scheidler.
5. Quintet—for Piano, Violin, Viola, Cello and Contra Bass, Beethoven.
 Messrs. Zoller and Jaeger.
6. Overture—*Al'Espagnol*, Kuffner.

PART II.
1. Overture—*Sophonisba*, Paer.
2. Scena—*D'auror sull'ali Rose*, from *Il Trovatore*, Verdi.
 Miss Collier and Mr. Dolfinger.
3. Elite Waltzes, Lanner.
4. Aria—from *La Favorita*, Donizetti.
 Mons. Corradi Colliere.
5. Solo—"O Dolce Concerto," Variations for the Bird Flageolet, Nicholson.
6. Najaden Polka—By request—Full Orchestra, Gung'l.

The grand Wedding March, by Mendelssohn, lost something of its charm by the brass instruments and drums drowning the string instruments. I had to admire Miss SCHEIDLER's execution in Bellini's *Come per me*, and was struck with the accompaniment of the full orchestra on account of its softness and precision. I did not expect this from so young an orchestra, and great credit is due to the Director. The overture to *Fanchon*, by Himmel, pleased me less. The time was taken too slow. The beautiful quartet by Verdi went off very pleasingly. Mr. MASON's place was filled by Mr. COLLIERE.

It was one of the happiest sights to behold in Beethoven's quartet a whole family of artists performing: the father and three sons. There was nothing wanting in the execution, though the position taken by the performers was not the most suitable, and by it a good deal of the effect was lost. Mr. JAEGER was splendidly at his place; he handles his instrument with an ease and tenderness and power but rarely heard. I understand he is going to favor us in the next concert with a solo on the basso. I would, however, under all circumstances, advise the managers to procure for similar occasions a grand piano, as the square piano, good as it may be, is not sufficient to fill the large hall.

Kuffner's and Paer's overtures could not go better; unity, good tune and vigor in all the movements prevailed. Verdi's Scena from *Il Trovatore* was again repeated; Miss COLLIERE and Mr. DOLFIGER just suit this piece, it seems as if it were written for them. I love to hear Mr. Dolfinger's beautiful tenor, and he is a decided favorite of the music lovers here.

The Aria from *La Favorita*, Donizetti, was rendered by Mr. Colliere with perfection; in fact, he

cannot sing otherwise; hence his appearance in our concerts is always highly welcome and appreciated.

The Solo on the bird flageolet by NICHOLSON was a beautiful intermezzo. The insignificant instrument created at first sight a general merriment amongst the audience, but the attention was soon riveted by the really masterly execution of our Mr. RATEL, the Vice President of the Society. He had to repeat it.

The *Najaden Polka* was a happy selection for the finale; the audience severally left the hall with happy and grateful feelings.

ANONYMOUS.

PESCHIA, ITALY, MARCH 18.—Of course you have never heard of Pescia before. How could you! I have not written to you of it ere this, and am not I the Great Original Discoverer, the very Christopher Columbus of Pescia?

The way of it was this. Having returned from Rome to Florence, I was waiting in the latter city for letters, and one day, an idea struck me—I would take a walk! I would walk to Lucca, I would invade the heart of Tuscany armed with a passport, an Italian dictionary, and a little book to read as I strolled along. I would walk, bear in mind. I would not go in the rail-car nor in the diligence. Nothing would induce me to ride. I would not ride even were I offered a free ticket wherever I wanted to go. I would not ride, even were the Railway Directors to come to me in a body; no, not if they were to get down before me on their two eyes; no, not if they were to implore me with tears in their knees! So, having made this Spartan resolution, I started from Florence one delicious morning in March, when the balmy zephyr and warbling birds, and azure sky, &c., &c.

Gradually the dome and campanile of the Cathedral disappeared, and then I began to come in sight of a town; so it was all the way. No sooner did I get clear of one town than I plunged into another, and so to my vexation had no opportunity of practising vocal music on the route without being overheard and creating an intrusive sensation. That evening I stopped at Pistoja, a little town where they are famous for making church organs. I know you are dying to hear my learned and acute critical remarks about the pictures in the Cathedral, but nevertheless I shall not gratify your laudable curiosity. Suffice that the next day at noon I left Pistoja.

It was all very nice—the very nicest thing in the world—this walking, but somehow or other I was horribly tired when about five miles from Pescia; when I was within two miles of the town I was still more fatigued, especially as no Pescia was anywhere to be seen. Indeed the position of the town is such, that you cannot see it till you are actually before its very gates.

It lies closely hidden in the gorge of a mountain pass, with a wild mountain stream running through its centre, said stream being about ten months of the year almost dry, and the other two presenting the appearance of an impetuous river. Its wide, gravelly bed is spanned by two bridges and divides the little town in two unequal parts, the smaller being chiefly noticeable for its Cathedral, and the larger for the noble, wide street, favorite promenade, market-place, and rendezvous of the people of Pescia. The other streets are moreover unexceptionably clean, and the houses neat, and a few really splendid.

But its natural features are the chief charm of Pescia. Standing upon one of the bridges and looking up the river at the rows of fine tall houses that line its bank, the spectator is at once reminded of Nice, that beautiful place of resort which everybody so well knows. The hillsides are covered with terraced groves of olives, through which at intervals are seen the towers of isolated churches and convents, which nestle here and there amid the soft, misty green foliage. Sometimes an Italian pine is discerned, rising majestically above the olives. In the distance, a

mountain, whose top is covered with snow, seems to heighten, by the contrast of its icy coldness, the warm, luxurious life of the valley below.

There are, of course, any amount of people in Pescia. There are swarms of priests, in their long cloaks and black hats, taking solemn exercise upon the pretty road that runs along the river bank. If you are there at the proper time—say five o'clock in the afternoon—you may see the good bishop of Pescia, who belongs to one of the glorious company of fat, oily men of God, and is accompanied by an emaciated priest (he is a poor relation, I guess), and a stout servant carrying a cloak. The emaciated priest reminds me of an inquiry I have long wished to send to the Editor of "Notes and Queries." It is this: Why are poor relations always lean? Or no! not that, for that question answers itself, but rather this: Has anybody ever read, or seen, or heard of a fat poor relation?

As no creature out of Tuscany ever heard of Pescia before, and as I may fairly claim to be the first illustrious traveller who has visited it and extended its fame to the New World, I deem it no egotism to entitle myself, The Renowned Original Discoverer and Modern Christopher Columbus of Pescia. Perhaps in so doing I may slightly transcend the strict bounds of propriety, but in the words of Mrs. Micawber, that I am mainly right both my reason and my judgment alike forbid me to doubt.

As I write, I sit upon the terrace of the inn which overlooks the river and affords a fine view of the olive colored hills. My heart and head are full of Pescia, and yet at the same time the humming of some passer-by reminds me of the opera I heard the other night in Florence—the *Traviata*, or *Violetta*, as it is called in Italy. It was performed at the Pergola by a tolerable company, with one Carozzi Zucchi as prima donna, a fresh, noisy singer, who takes the part much better than the much over-rated Piccolomini, yet not near so well as our own Gazzaniga. The opera was superbly put upon the stage, the scenery being unsurpassed. Since my previous visit to Florence they had produced here Verdi's unfortunate *Aroldo*, of which I have previously had occasion to speak. The opera was performed just four times, which, according to the Florentine critics, was just four times oftener than it deserved. Indeed the fate of this opera is appalling. It has failed everywhere. At Parma it was played the oftenest, because it was written for the theatre there, and the good people felt a desire to deal gently with the poor thing. The Italian press unite in condemning it strongly, and the Impresarios who produced it at their various theatres have been obliged to fall back upon *Traviata* and *Trovatore*. The latter is now being played with great success in Leaning Tower Pisa, with Limberti (whose excellent performance I have alluded to in speaking of Pacini's opera, *Elisa Velasco*), one of the best tenors of Italy in the chief role. Talking about *Trovatore*, at once brings me back to first principles and Pescia. They are a musical people here, though not able to have an opera. To-day I took breakfast at the "*Trovatore* Eating House," and last night heard a serenade given to somebody in the next street. The selection was the *Miserere* scene of the favorite opera—a lugubrious choice, it must be confessed, but the effect of the solemn strains breaking upon the stillness of the night was very beautiful.

Ah! but Pescia, a lovely spot at all times, assumes an almost magic beauty towards sunset. It is a rare pleasure to sit, as I do now upon the balcony overhanging the river, and see the golden sunlight falling upon the olive groves, and gilding the half hidden fronts of the mountain convents. It has left the valley below, and is gradually fading away from the lower parts of the mountains. At the same time the bells from the numerous convents commence an harmonious chiming, which mingles with the occasional whistle of the distant locomotive. One can see the

smoke of a huge factory not far off, while near by are the slight wires of the telegraph. It is Italy, with all its beauty and romance, wedded to New England, with all its practical arts and sciences.

I do not wait for the golden colors to fade away into the dim gray twilight, but leaving the balcony, go to the front of the house which looks out upon the noble wide street I have before mentioned. It is not long, but still forms a beautiful promenade, and at this time is crowded with the great majority of the inhabitants of Pescia, strolling either singly, in couples, or in groups, simply enjoying the delicious coolness of the hour, and the animated aspect of the scene. At one end stands a little church; they call it *La Madonna della Piazza*. The whole scene is lively and brilliant, and it only needs the music to remind one of the masquerade in *Ernani*.

I do not know whether you have in Boston a Geographical or Historical Society, but if you are so fortunate, I trust the learned body will invite me to deliver before them the elaborate paper that I am preparing, entitled: "Narrative of an Exploring Expedition into Pescia; with Statistics as to the Population thereof, their Modes of Dress, of Living and Eating. By Trovator, Esq." If you have not an Historical or Geographical Society, I can easily inform you what ingredients are necessary for its composition, and trust there is enough public spirit in Boston to act upon my hints and immediately form one. Here are the *dramatis personae*, carefully gathered from that of corresponding societies in New York:

Eleven large gentlemen with gold spectacles.

Five little dapper men with ditto, ditto.

Nineteen respectable old fogies with gray hair.

Five bald gentlemen.

Three young men with white cravats.

Six Orthodox Clergymen.

Seven sleepy men.

Two young misses, who giggle.

Six literary ladies, who wear corkscrew curls.

Six literary ladies, who do not wear corkscrew curls, and who will not speak to the other six literary ladies.

One or two eminent travellers who have explored Commun-paw, or some such *terre incognita*, and are prepared with "papers" to read.

A lean gentleman to act as Secretary.

A fat gentleman to act as Chairman.

A dimly lighted room, and some writing materials for the secretary, and a glass of water for the speaker.

Four newspaper reporters, who are much bored by the whole affair.

Some sandwiches and mustard in an adjacent room.

I need not assure you, that before such an intellectual body, it would give me great pleasure to read my Narrative of the Exploring Expedition into Pescia. Of course my services would be gratuitous, and I should only ask to be made an Honorary Member of the Society, and to have a lion's share of the sandwiches. The newspaper reporters should not either be allowed to go away sandwich-less, on the night when I read my valuable and instructive paper. I take this method, through the columns of your excellent journal, to make known my desires.

To-morrow I leave Pescia, perhaps forever, and in so doing will bid farewell to one of the loveliest spots God and man ever united to create. However I have one consolation. I can boldly face the Cara Padrona once more. When I left Florence, I told that estimable lady I was going to walk to Lucca. "Bless you!" she cried, "what do you walk for?" I really could not answer; it certainly was not to save time or money, for walking required more of either than going by railway would have done, and so I had to make a miserable shift by saying I wanted to "see the country." But now on returning I can proudly speak of Pescia. Had I not walked I should never have discovered Pescia, and consequently should never have been able to add to my name the proud title R.O.D. and M.C.C. of P—, Renowned Original Discoverer and Modern Christopher Columbus of Pescia.

Yours ever,

TROVATOR.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by O. Ditson & Co.

VOCAL, WITH PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT.

Daisy Bell, Song and Chorus. *L. O. Emerson.* 25

Pretty music, to words by Geo. M. Dowe, Esq.

Jessie Brown, or the Highland Rescue. Words by *Carpenter.* Music by *John Blockley.* 30

This famous incident at the relief of Lucknow is here treated in a truly dramatic style by poet and composer.

My native Land's my Home. *Dr. J. Haynes.* 25

A pleasing, sentimental strain.

Our Carrie. Quartet and Harp. 25

Very easy; a true Children's Song, with a little chorus for three voices.

Prayer for Rain. From Mendelssohn's "Elijah." 40

This very dramatic and exciting number of the Oratorio, consisting of Solos by Elijah (Bass), and a Boy (Mezzo Soprano), with responses by the Chorus, has acquired new interest lately by the singing of CARL FORMES.

Winged Messenger (*Liebesbotschaft*). *A. Fesca.* 25

One of Fesca's most melodious airs. Only moderately difficult. For Mezzo Soprano or Baritone.

On the Road to Brighton. A Sleighing Song, with Chorus. *Morris.* 30

Will ye no come back again. Scotch Ballad. *F. Dun.* 30

Simple and quaint, in the true Scotch vein.

The Sea Gull. Words by *Mary Howitt.* *H.W.P.* 25

A very poetic rendering of sea-shore impressions. Music in the same spirit.

I think of thee. Ballad. *J. P. Haggarty.* 25

An affecting Song for the Parlor. Not difficult.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC FOR PIANO.

Hungarian Air, by *David.* Transcribed by *Liszt.* 25

This is a gem for those who are fond of the strange mixture of extravagant mirth and wailing sentimentality which prevails in the national music of Hungary.

Le Soupir (The Sigh). *Schad.* 25

A plaintive melody, principally for the left hand. Rather easy throughout.

Valse élégante. *A. Loeschorn.* 25

A very nice little composition. The author has carefully avoided all hackneyed phrases, and imparted to it a charm for musicians as well as amateurs.

Rose of Castille Quadrilles. *J. G. Callcott.* 30

Spirited and brimful of melodic gems from Balfe's last, and many say best, Opera.

Au Bord du Lac. Idylle. *W. Kuhe.* 25

This charming composer has here laid out a simple melody of but sixteen bars, made highly effective by an ever-changing accompaniment upon the note of the dominant, quickly repeated in the higher octaves, with frequent crossing of hands. Highly suggestive of a quiet, blue lake in rural seclusion, with a faint stroke of a distant bell now and then.

La Pensée (A Thought). *J. Blumenthal.* 25

A dreamy, meditative composition of a quiet flow. Rather difficult.

Papo Schottisch. *Peter Fitzgerald.* 25

Spirit Waltz. *G. H. Mitchell, Jr.* 10

Love Spell Galop. *Jos. Weber.* 25

Tantalizing Polka. *R. Herzog.* 25

Serafinien Landler (Redowa). *C. Strauss.* 25

Clarissa Polka. *J. Etting.* 25

Leviathan Waltz. *C. A. Ingraham.* 25

Rippling Wave Waltz. *J. W. Turner.* 25

The above form a good collection of simple Dances Music, well arranged.

Gems from *La Traviata*, arranged for two performers by *R. Nordmanwea.* 25

Three numbers of this Series have been issued, viz.: "Di Provenza il mar," "De miei bollenti," and "Ah forse lui." The name of the arranger is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of these arrangements.

Homage to Verdi. Fantasia on airs from his principal Operas, for four performers on two pianos, by *Duroc.* 1.25

This piece is excellently adapted to be performed at Exhibitions in Seminaries, &c. It requires four players of not more than middling ability. The melodies, which are introduced, are of Verdi's best, and cannot but highly please the many friends, that this eminently successful composer has made everywhere.

Darling Nelly Gray. Varied by *Chas. Grobe.* 50

This Song of universal popularity appears here for the first time in an arrangement for the piano. Surely, there could not have been found a better hand for such arrangement than that of Charles Grobe!

